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THEODORE ROOSEVELT



Theodore Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Memorial Addresses

DELIVERED BEFORE
THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION
" FEBRUARY 9, 1919

Resolutions

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BORN OCTOBER 27, 1858

DIED JANUARY 6, 1919

Elected a Member of
THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION
1884

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ADDRESS OF

ELIHU ROOT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT can never be forgotten by the men of his time, and his memory can never be neglected by the historians who come in the future to estimate the forces effective in what now appears to be a period of vital change in the life of civilization.

In common with millions of men and women who have come directly under the influence of his personality, we have met upon this selected day to join in tribute to this very great man who has been so potent for so many years in the public life of our Country; and to do our part towards sending to generations to come in the printed records of the day our fragment of testimony to the effect produced by the living man upon the generation that knew him.

Here, in this Association, we respond of necessity to very personal and intimate factors of judgment and of feeling.

Wherever in this world Theodore Roosevelt went, his tremendous personal power diffused an atmosphere, within which all the men and women there grouped about his central figure, and that

spot of earth seemed not foreign, but home for him. Yet, after all, this was his home. In this City he was born and bred. From this home he launched his first and ever-recurrent flights of adventure and achievement into the great world of universal human life that was forever calling to his eager and dauntless soul. In this Club—dedicated to Arts and Letters—he was a member for thirty-four years, from the days of his youth, and it was his father's Club from the time of the Civil War. He was in harmony with the spirit of the Club. He loved and cultivated literature. A perpetual reader, with swift and alert grasp of the matter and the thought expressed in the print, sensitively responsive to poetry, and possessed of great joy by poems of sublimity and power. His first strivings for expression found vent in the ambition of authorship, and we know that he was no mean author. It is hard to estimate the value to the literary standards of the American people in having things that he has spoken and written go into the school books of the Country, where they stand as examples of simple, sincere, direct, strong expressions of definite ideas, free from all attempts at rhetoric and adornment. He scorned style for style's sake, but with strong desire to implant his thought in the minds of others, and with intuitive understanding of human nature he often sought and found terse phrases that crystallized general truths, and pierced through the barrier of indifference, and touched the springs of feeling and of action in the multitude—master words that will be potent long after all the fine writing of his generation has been forgotten.

He loved and practiced the simplicity of life, in which literature and art live at their best. He scorned the meretricious and the decadent. He loved nature, its beauty, and its grandeur, from the great spaces of plains and mountains to the bird singing in the thicket, and he loved it with affectionate companionship, striving for definite knowledge and understanding.

He had a genius for friendship, and unfailing sympathy with his fellows, real interest in their lives and fortunes, tender consideration of their shortcomings, pride in their successes. He combined the highest degree of loyalty to his own convictions and confidence in his own powers with an entire absence of self-conceit. He had no petty pride of opinion. He gave freely of his own thought to others, and he eagerly sought and availed himself of all the wisdom of others' experience and knowledge. He was the most advisable man I ever knew, and the most independent and fearless in acting upon his own final conclusions. He was great-hearted, giving bounteously credit and praise to others. He had the saving grace of abundant and ever-present humor. He had purity of character, which kept his mind and heart open to all good influences. He had manifest sincerity of purpose that disarmed suspicion. He was incapable of deception, and thoughtless of it. He had the gift of social inspiration and he had charm.

Many of us here have known him since his early youth, and have loved him for his noble and appealing qualities. And we have cared for him all the more because we have been near enough

to see the trifling defects of his great virtues—the little foibles without which greatness remains coldly unapproachable and unloved. There is an intuitive sense of what a man really is,—almost infallible in the community in which he lives from boyhood. All of us have absorbed that judgment upon the character of Theodore Roosevelt. We are qualified to say, and do say to the world that knew him in public, in high station, and in his great efforts and achievements,—“All that he seemed to you he was,—only a thousand times more admirable, more lovable, and more to be mourned.”

Consider the qualities which were his beyond dispute:

Dauntless courage; fortitude; indomitable resolution.

Decision of character; an ingrained habit of mind, swiftly grasping all available data, and converging to immediate action. He was not at all an administrator, but he was an almost perfect executive.

A fixed philosophy of life which set a high standard of service to the point of sacrifice, and of scorn to spare one's self.

Public spirit; love of Country; intense loyalty to ideals.

Sincerity; hatred of shams; love of justice; honor.

Family affection; capacity for friendship; purity of character; cheerfulness; hopefulness; humor; magnanimity.

Breadth of vision; intuitive sympathy with the feelings and interests of all men; an inevitable impulse to help the under-dog.

Essential constructiveness; never seeking to tear down except as part of a definite practical scheme of betterment.

He was not infallible. The swift decisions of a true executive make some mistakes inevitable; but we can affirm with confidence in the agreement of all who knew him best that he never decided upon a course of conduct or a public action which he did not believe to be for the best interests of his Country, and in which that consideration did not stand first in his mind.

Behind these qualities came the driving force of high ambition for achievement, of combativeness that rejoiced in conflict, and an amazing virile energy.

An unexpected and unsought election to the New York Legislature when he was but twenty-three years of age, just out of College, with all the initiative of youth unabated, turned him from the study and the writing of history to the practical business of government, and the study of men, upon which the successful conduct of that business depends.

He was a natural reformer, saved from fanaticism and folly by humor and the sense of proportion which humor gives, by absence of self-conceit, by hospitality to advice, by fondness for the study of history, by intuitive judgment of the practicable and by scorn for futile theory. His reading of history became a biological study of human nature, its development, and its reactions under past experiments. A recognized evil in government made instant demand upon him for a new experiment directed towards the abolition of the evil,

and the substitution of something better. He wasted no time in weak protest or aimless discussion. He attacked instantly without the slightest apprehension of consequences to himself. On the 30th of April, 1884, writing to a friend who had approved his course in the New York Legislature, he said:

“DEAR MR. NORTH,

“I wish to write you a few words just to thank you for your kindness toward me, and to assure you that my head will not be turned by what I well know was a mainly accidental success. . . . I have very little expectation of being able to keep on in politics; my success so far has only been won by absolute indifference as to my future career; for I doubt if anyone can realize the bitter and venomous hatred with which I am regarded by the very politicians who, at Utica, supported me, under dictation from masters who were influenced by political considerations that were national, and not local in their scope.

“I realize very thoroughly the absolutely ephemeral nature of the hold I have upon the people, and the very real and positive hostility I have excited among the politicians. I will not stay in public life unless I can do so on my own terms; and my ideal—whether lived up to or not—is rather a high one.”

For the thirty-five years of strenuous life that followed he never varied from that attitude. It was always he and not the politicians or even the constituencies that set the conditions upon which he held public office, and the conditions were always formed upon the standard established by

the ardent boy in his first adventure. No hardening of the heart ever brought to him indifference to the dreams of youth.

He continually attacked abuse. It used to seem as if every morning at daybreak the slumbers of the comfortable were disturbed by his vibrant voice summoning to instant action against wrong. His voice reached the minds and hearts of the people of the United States as no other voice ever had in their history. So just was his judgment of fundamentals, so manifest the sincerity of his purpose, so tremendous the power of his personality, that everywhere dim and vague feelings that something was wrong and uneasy dissatisfaction over unwilling acquiescence in what was wrong hailed him as a leader, and rallied to his support; so he established a short circuit between himself and the voters which cut out formal leadership, and created the greatest direct following upon the morals of government as distinguished from the followings determined by organization that has ever been known in the history of democratic self-government.

It is too early to estimate the value of his work. We were all too much affected individually in one way or another by what he did, to leave it possible that we could have the detachment necessary to impartial judgment. The events which are now occurring in the world, however, cast a light backward upon what he did, and emphasize—if they do not measure—its value.

He came into the public life of this great self-governing democracy as a phase of development in civilization was drawing towards a close. The

application of science and of organization to production had resulted in a vast and almost inconceivable increase in the wealth of the world, and in the power to multiply wealth. It was plain that this increase of wealth ought to make life more comfortable, more rich, more desirable for the inventors and discoverers whose brainwork made it possible, for the investors who risked their capital in the successful and the unsuccessful experiments, for the laborers who were producing so much more than ever before, and for the consumers whose supplies were costing less labor than ever before. The economic struggles of the last half century had been steps in the process of adjustment towards this ideal distribution of the new wealth. But the process had lagged. The investor having the first opportunity had naturally and inevitably received the lion's share of the new wealth, and he had clung to it, and maintained it long after the risks of development had largely decreased. There had come to be a general feeling among the people that the investor was getting more than his fair share, and the other elements in producing the new wealth were getting less than their fair share. Our simple form of government established long before these conditions arose was not adjusted to the solution of this problem, and so the investor kept his initial advantage. A crust was forming over our National life. A class could be dimly recognized as rising with power and privilege and assumption of superiority on the basis of wealth. Underneath was vague but slowly growing dissatisfaction and resentment at that condition.

Biological study of human nature and instinct taught Mr. Roosevelt that this crust must be dissipated, and a fair equilibrium must be established by the peaceful processes of government, or the crust would be broken by explosion, as it was once broken in France, as it has since been broken in Russia. He addressed himself to that task—not as a matter of charity to the poor, not seeking popularity, but as a matter of governmental policy based upon political justice. He insisted upon the application of the underlying principles of our government, and the orderly process of its machinery, to set right what was plainly wrong. He appealed not to the baser but to the higher impulses that move men. He awakened a sense of responsibility and a renewed belief in the adequacy of our political institutions among the people who had begun to feel that our system of government was a failure. Each step in the unfinished process of readjustment under his leadership was a cheerful augury for the future, and an argument for confidence in representative government.

I think it safe to say that when the test of American Democracy came with the Great War, the fact that the American people had preserved such memory of their ideals, such confidence that their liberty was united with justice, such affection for their Country, and respect for its institutions, as to be able to meet the test with the overwhelming power of unanimous action is due more to the influence of Theodore Roosevelt than to all the other public men of his day. When the great test came, and the people of the greatest of all

democracies had to determine whether they would turn from their peaceful lives, from their comfort, their ease, their prosperity, their wealth, and gird themselves again to fight for their liberty, ready for sacrifice and suffering and death that American liberty and justice might live, and that America might do her part for the liberty of the world, Theodore Roosevelt was out of office, out of political control, out of favor with official power. He was denied his dearest wish to fight upon the battle front with the four strong sons whom he had trained in all the traditions of heroism. He had no source of influence save his life, his character, his intense convictions; but it was then that he rose to the greatest height of his wonderful career. Day by day and month by month he appealed with passion and power to the people who had loved him; and that clear insistent call to courage, and honor, and duty, and the noble ways of a nation's life, rousing to action the driving power of the American people, did more I think to bring America in arms to the battle line before it was too late and to defeat the autocracy of Germany, than any public officer—civil or military—for whom the flags are dipped as the victorious regiments pass in review.

ADDRESS OF
REVEREND WILLIAM T. MANNING

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE CENTURY CLUB:—We are here to pay our tribute to the memory of one who held a great place in the life of our country. To the American people the news of Theodore Roosevelt's death brought a shock of surprise as well as a sense of irreparable loss. He was so vigorous and active, so symbolic of life and energy and strength, that it seems impossible to associate the thought of death with him. By men of every sort his loss is felt as a personal one. For a quarter of a century he had stood in the forefront of things. He seemed to us like an integral part of our life, a symbol of our national genius and spirit. And it was so that people everywhere thought of him. All over the world the name, which the thought of America at once suggested, was that of Theodore Roosevelt. A woman missionary, captured by brigands in the Balkans, before the War, told me that the mention of Theodore Roosevelt's name commanded instant respect, and secured tolerable treatment for her.

We think of his great services as President of

the United States. His administration was one of the most important in our history. At a critical moment he restored confidence in the power of our government to control big business, and roused in the business world itself a new spirit, a desire for the correction of evils and for the maintenance of sound standards and methods. We think of his whole career in public life as Assemblyman, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as Governor, as Vice-President, and as President. We think of his astonishingly diversified gifts, and of his varied pursuits as writer, hunter, cowboy, historian, soldier. We think of his constant utterances on all great topics of national interest, and of the phrases that he coined to meet his occasions, many of them so forceful and vivid that they have become incorporated into our common speech. His name will long be associated with such expressions as "the square deal," "the big stick," "the strenuous life," "the Ananias Club," "Weasel words," "the pussy footer," and "the fifty-fifty loyalty of a divided allegiance." But important as were the things that he did and the things that he said, it was not primarily these which gave Theodore Roosevelt his great place in the world. There was something still more important that lay back of them. It was what he was which gave him his influence over men. He was a most striking instance of the power of personality. How was it that although he had not what is commonly called the "gift of oratory" his words moved and influenced the world? Why was it that in spite of

mistakes and faults, such as are common to all of us, men felt towards him as towards no other of our time? What was it that gave the public such unflagging interest in whatever he thought or said or did? It was not extraordinary intellect, nor gifts of genius, which gave him his power, though he had good intellect and unusual gifts, as we all know. It was the moral force of Roosevelt the man. It was by force of character that he took his own body in hand, training and developing it into a serviceable instrument for the work that he was to do. It was by other moral power that he took his place of world leadership. It has become a commonplace to speak of him as a typical American, but it is a commonplace only because it is true. It is true not in the sense that he was an ordinary type, but in the sense that he represented in most uncommon degree those things which are best and highest and most characteristic in our life. No other American since Abraham Lincoln has so embodied the spirit and the ideals of our country. After John Morley had made his last visit to the United States he wrote: "I have seen Niagara, and I have seen President Roosevelt." To that calm and observant visitor he seemed like one of the natural forces of our land. And so our own people felt about him. His boundless energy and vigor, his force both physical and moral, his endless capacity and resource, seemed to incarnate the very soul of America.

Speaking of him this afternoon at another gathering I used the following words which I believe those of you who knew him best will assent to as literal truth.

"We cannot hear his name without thinking of his courage, his sincerity of purpose, his strong conviction, his deep love for the right, and his unflinching advocacy of it. He made mistakes like other men, but he always upheld the right as he saw it, and it was this which gave the people their great confidence in him.

"There are many people in this world who want the good to prevail, but who are unwilling to do anything which will cause friction, or which will bring them into conflict with evil. Theodore Roosevelt was not of this class. He knew that the good cannot be made to prevail by that method. He was ready always to withstand what he believed to be evil, and to uphold what he believed to be good. He did not stop to think whether the cause was popular. No thought of the consequences to himself or to his personal interests seemed to occur to him. If the thing was right it was to be advocated; and he had absolute confidence that if it were fully presented to them the people would see that it was right. He struck hard blows, but he harbored no petty spite nor mean resentments. He aroused strong opposition and fierce criticism as every leader must at times, but in amazing degree he won the admiration, the respect, the affection, even, of those who most strongly opposed him. It was said sometimes that he was inconsistent. And this was true. But his inconsistency was that of every man who thinks and grows and lives. Theodore Roosevelt did not stand still. He grew and developed in fellowship with the world and with his time, and it was this that made him always a leader. But he advanced in accordance with sound and definite principles.

“The outstanding note of his life was his straightforward sincerity. He was possessed by an astonishing spirit of candor. For him nothing else but open diplomacy and full publicity were possible. There was never anything uncertain or obscure about the words that he used. When he spoke, men were in no doubt as to what he meant to say. No phrase of his needed to be interpreted to make its meaning clear. He never expected others to follow him without knowing where he was leading. Men might disagree with him but they knew always where he stood, and on which side he was. He took his fellow citizens absolutely into his confidence and it was for this, among other things that they so trusted and loved him.”

His whole life was one of devotion to his country, but his great opportunity for service came at the end, in the last four years of his life, and we know well how he used that opportunity.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who roused the soul of our country and called us to take our true part in the World War. To him far more than to any other we owe it that we saw our duty before it was too late.

Through the long period when we stood neutral while justice and human freedom were at stake; when the murder of our women and children on the sea still failed to move us; when those in highest places were telling us that the issues of this struggle did not concern us; when we sat and watched the world conflagration without effort even to prepare; when the spirit of our country appeared to have been deadened, and

our chief desire seemed to be that we might be kept out of war, it was Theodore Roosevelt who sounded the call and forced us to see the facts. In the face of fierce criticism and denunciation, he proclaimed what we all now know to be true, that from the beginning the issues of this struggle were our deepest and most sacred concern, that from the beginning the other nations were fighting our battle as well as their own; that it was our duty to take our place beside France and Great Britain and our other Allies not only for the sake of our ideals, but for the defense of our own land and our own homes.

The German papers have described Theodore Roosevelt as the arch-enemy of Germany. In this they did him justice. To his everlasting honor he was the enemy of all that Germany stood for in this war. And he was equally the enemy of that other, and still more abominable, tyranny which threatens the world under the name of Bolshevism, which has brought ruin to a large part of Europe, and which has its active propagandists here in our own land.

His loss is a national calamity. To our human sight it seems that he is needed now more than ever. But his work was finished. History will give him his true and great place. May the name of Theodore Roosevelt ever be cherished among us, may his spirit live in the souls of our people, and may his example stir many of us to finer and more fearless service.

ADDRESS OF

MAJOR GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM

THE death of Theodore Roosevelt has brought sorrow and the feeling of personal loss to millions who had never seen the man, and had never even read his writings. Roosevelt's vital personality had impressed itself upon his fellows to an extent for which there is no parallel in the relations with the community of any other American—I may say of any other leader—of his generation. The youngsters, with no understanding of the part played in great affairs by this man of energy, have thought of "Teddy" Roosevelt as one of themselves. The boys realized instinctively—what associates of our friend knew through their personal experience—that, notwithstanding his threescore years of strenuous activities, Roosevelt had never lost his youth. In enjoyment of life, exuberance of feeling, absorption in the things of the moment, and confident optimism, Theodore remained until the last a boy—a boy sometimes perhaps perverse and troublesome—but possessing a charming magnetism which won the love of all who knew him.

The nickname of "Teddy," probably coined

by the youngsters, was, we may recall, associated with the toy, the "Teddy Bear," that the child, whether boy or girl, hugged through the day and took to bed for comfort and companionship at night. Was there ever a greater compliment paid to the personality of a great political leader than in this association of his name with the pet cherished by the children?

The writer of the Hebrew Book of Proverbs says: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." It is particularly in time of war or other national peril that we come to realize that a nation that has absorbed itself merely in matters affecting its material prosperity and that has not continued to give thought to the duties resting upon the state as a member of the Family of Nations, to aid in the repression of injustice and in the maintenance of right throughout the world, is losing not only character, but force. It is losing the qualities through which alone national existence can be preserved.

It is with a nation, as with an individual, that unless there be high ideals, unless there be a recognition of the existence of a national spirit or soul, the moral force by which alone existence, individual or national, can be maintained, or is worth maintaining, disappears. This vision the Lord sends to a people through his messengers. It is through the inspiration of the leaders, the great men of their time, the men who stand up in some fashion above their fellows, that the generation secures purpose and direction and moves forward instead of remaining in quiescence, with the risk of decay. No country is ever left for

successive generations without the leadership of men who stand for ideals and through whose inspiration and guiding power the people learn what is their duty and how that duty shall be carried on. The men who are thus accepted are, so to speak, supermen, but we repudiate the sense in which the German author Nietzsche utilized the term. The supermen who count as inspiration must possess not merely intellectual ability but moral force, and it is because they are able to inspire the whole community with moral force that the leadership, the intellectual ability is made to count towards progress. The heroes represent, therefore, the soul of their generation. They stand for original insight, manhood, nobleness. The citizens who, while not themselves heroes, can come to a real understanding of what is meant by the hero's character or leadership, are those who make such leadership effective. They secure, through the honor and sympathetic appreciation given to their hero, a glimpse into the very marrow of the world's history. They come to learn that heroes are profitable company, a living light and fountain. It is really a divine relation that unites a great man to other men.

We recognize as a poet the man who can reach up into the empyrean with a vision of things not apparent to ordinary men, and who can make such expression of his vision as shall bring it within the apprehension of his fellows. In this sense, the poet is the connecting link between the powers above and the men about him. The term *poetas* is, of course, simply "maker." Every great man is in a sense a maker, an awakener,

and, therefore, a poet, one who moves his fellow men.

We Americans believe in aristocracy, but we want to interpret the term strictly. The only "divine right" that we are prepared to recognize is that which gives evidence of its divinity through high-minded integrity of purpose and capable leadership. It is to this group of leaders of men, leaders carrying inspiration from on high, leaders who are able to impress upon their fellows the integrity of their purpose and the wisdom of their guidance, that our friend Theodore Roosevelt belongs. I use the term in the present tense, because while Roosevelt has passed, his influence remains and must remain for years to come. This in fact is one of the evidences of true leadership. The influence of the work and of the character of Washington has persisted through the century and a half since his death. We cannot look forward to the time when we shall cease to recognize the influence of Lincoln as a guiding force and inspiration for Americans.

We know from the legends of classic times of the mischievous work of that troublesome god, Pan. The stories tell us that the touch of the invisible Pan on the shoulder of one combatant would send the current of panic from shoulder to shoulder through the ranks.

We may realize also from history that in the same fashion the insidious suggestion for wrong motive and for bad action, the wave of a corrupting influence, is also transmitted, not from shoulder to shoulder, but from head to head. A capable leader who lacks integrity of purpose has too

often been able to demoralize masses of people who, under the right kind of leadership, would have kept their actions straight. Fortunately, the converse of the action and the influence of the great Pan is also true. If the touch of Pan can demoralize, that of Apollo or of Hercules can give inspiration and strength, and the inspiration and the strength are transmitted from shoulder to shoulder, from heart to heart, so that the whole body of our voters or our citizens can be guided to courageous and rightful action. Our own Civil War (and, of course, many other wars) gives record of the inspiring effect that can be brought to bear by a single man of the hero type upon men who have suffered demoralization. Our army at Cedar Creek, surprised in the early hours of the morning and driven back through a series of miles, was reinspired, reëncouraged, and brought to victory by a reënforcement of but one man, but that man was Philip Sheridan. He had the effect upon those dispirited Yankees of a fresh army of ten thousand.

Our friend Roosevelt possessed to an eminent degree the purpose, the vitality, the will power which inspires other men with similar purpose, vitality, and will power. We speak of the best men as the "salt of the earth" and that metaphor would apply to a man like Roosevelt who, himself imbued with good citizenship of the highest standard, was able to put into the community wholesomeness of purpose; righteous action that, in heading off corruption and wrong-doing, works for wholesomeness, may well be compared to salt.

It is not necessary to claim for Theodore Roose-

velt a quality of greatness on a par with that of Washington or of Lincoln. He neither created the nation nor did the privilege come to him of saving the nation. There is no advantage in measuring too closely the relative contribution made by heroes to the world's history. We simply recognize that this or that man belongs to the heroic group.

Theodore was quite modest in regard to his own intellectual originality or creative capacity. He described himself once to me as "an ordinary man working to the nth power." His force and effectiveness lay in the integrity of his purpose and in his strength of will. There can be no question as to Roosevelt's sturdy manliness, but this must always be associated, in the minds of those who knew him, with his undying boyishness.

It was the vitality and the optimism of the man that made life and the world so interesting to himself, and that enabled him to make work done in coöperation with him so interesting for the co-worker. He was the embodiment of ideals associated with energy. Not every idealist possesses a force destructive for the things which are evil and constructive for those which are good. Having perceived what kind of things make life run on in joy, Roosevelt chose those things. He had a genius for the whole of life and also for the wholesomeness of life. He lived abundantly, exuberantly. He preached the importance of personal character, and of making the most of the days and of the hours. He emphasized for the nation a duty similar to that resting upon each citizen. "America," he said, "must be

ready to strike in time of need, and every American must be willing, if necessary, to sacrifice himself in the stroke. The American must not permit himself to become stagnant, otherwise the life of the nation would perish. The common man must raise himself to self-sacrifice."

Roosevelt was an explorer by nature, and his explorations were, as we all realize, not restricted to things geographical. He was in continual quest of the unknown and of the little known in literature, in art, and in science. He had the realization that much was required of life and that the years were short, and he had a horror of wasting hours, hours which might be devoted to development, or to service of some kind or another. We know that he was an insatiate reader, but his reading was not to be described as omnivorous. With his feeling about the value of time, he was very careful in the selection of the material to which he would give eyesight (itself in later years sadly limited) and hours. He read on the train, while waiting for sleep, and when waiting for breakfast. He told me once that it was his practice to have a book on the table by the front door which he could read while he was waiting for Mrs. Roosevelt; and he said further that "she is really a prompt woman, but those minutes I have found useful," and the reading thus done was, as said, always in the direction of one of his many lines of research.

Much of his historical writing carries a moral purpose. It was his insistence that the conscientious writer of history must possess a clear understanding of the essential difference between

right and wrong and must make his narrative carry that understanding to the reader. This use of history for "preaching" has, from the literary point of view, disadvantages, but it was characteristic of our historian. Our friend thought of himself as a preacher, and he was always looking for a pulpit. He said to me once during his presidential term: "Haven, the White House is a bully pulpit."

It seems to me, however, that the essential service rendered by Roosevelt to his fellow citizens, and particularly to the younger men, was not so much in what he said as in the realization that came to hearers, or to readers, that here was a real man who believed in the responsibilities of life, who felt assured that effort was always worth while, and that effort for right must in the end prevail; who had indomitable courage which refused to be daunted by any obstacles or any discouragements, and who was doing what he could himself to live the life of effort and of service that he was recommending to others.

Roosevelt worked no miracles, but to a man of his temperament, the world itself was a perpetual miracle. It is the inner life that in the right-minded soldier, or worker for his fellow men, burns up all lower considerations and that makes clear the infinite nature of duty.

Roosevelt had a contempt for sloth, which he associated with cowardice. He preferred an open antagonist, or even a consistent defender of the things that he believed to be wrong, to the Laodicean who was "neither hot nor cold," who gave little thought to the issues of the day,

and was absorbed simply in his personal welfare. We all came into touch with the Laodiceans in the early years of this war, the lazy-minded men who refused to take the trouble to look into the nature of the issues that were being fought out, and who excused themselves with the lazy conclusion, "well, there is probably a good deal of wrong on both sides."

The correct measure of a man is the degree of vision that dwells in him. The man who has light in himself is in a position to say "let there be light." He is the breaker of idols. He is the man of effective force.

The man who has arrived at convictions and has the courage to maintain his convictions and the ability to impress these upon others, is he who becomes a leader of men. His way of thought becomes their way of thought.

Earnest and courageous as Roosevelt was, he realized that courage needs a compass. It can be of no service to the community or the world if the influence of the courage works in the wrong direction. Valor and value are akin, but only when valor is used in a righteous cause.

Roosevelt was a curious combination of the heroic age and the twentieth century. He was modern in his purpose, but in temperament and in certain of his methods he reminded one of a personage of the days of the Sagas. I recall, by the way, that the Sagas constituted his favorite literature. He preferred these even to the Greek Classics, of which he was also fond.

My first knowledge of Theodore came fifty-one years back when he was a slight, bright-eyed boy

of ten. He then gave full evidence of energy, but his physique was slight and frail. I remember being impressed at once with the fact that the boy wanted to know. He was putting his tentacles out into the universe.

It was a charming home circle. His father, Theodore the first, may fairly be described as one of the best citizens of his generation. He belonged to the group of men who were always rendering service to the community.

The father was one of the early Centurians and for many years the president of the Children's Aid Society.

Roosevelt's physical frailty continued through college life and before his course in Harvard was completed, he was sent off, under the judgment of the doctors, to secure health and vigor on the plains. He became a ranchman in Montana and learned to ride,—and he rode excellently well,—and to shoot, and, in spite of limitations of near-sightedness, his shooting was effective. In overcoming his physical difficulties, or in refusing to accept these as limitations, Roosevelt's will power developed early. One of his cowboys told me that (of course on the ground of nearsightedness) Roosevelt permitted "Old Ephraim" (the cowboy name for grizzly) "to come a good deal nearer to him than the rest of them liked." This same cowboy, whom Roosevelt brought east with him as a personal friend, spoke of one time when it looked as if instead of Roosevelt getting the grizzly, the grizzly would get Roosevelt. The bear was charging and for once Theodore's gun missed fire. He had time to jump and, fortunately, found an

overhanging branch by means of which he lifted himself clear of the back of the charging bear. A shot from one of the cowboys crippled the bear and it was then finished by Roosevelt's second rifle.

I may refer to one incident of his Montana experiences. The ranch owners were much troubled with the depredation of horse thieves and cattle thieves. On this occasion, a boat had been appropriated. Roosevelt took the ground that it was ignominious to rest quiet under such conditions. He took two friends and they rode out after the thieves who had had a good start. They were able, through two days of riding, to trace these thieves in some fashion (I am not a prairie man and do not know exactly how it is done), and then one of his friends broke his arm and the other had to take him back. Theodore refused, however, to abandon the pursuit and went on alone for another day. He came upon the fresh traces of the thieves before the day had closed and then, waiting until dark, crept in upon the group while with no apprehension of pursuit they were busy getting supper. He got them fairly covered, and then with "Hands up!" they had to surrender.

He took possession of the three rifles, tied their hands, got them into a village, commandeered a wagon, and drove the men across the county for two days and one night, finally delivering them to the sheriff in the county town. We may call that an example of good citizenship.

He was described by all who were associated with him as an excellent campaigner. He took

his full share of the labor and refused to accept an iota more than his share of rations, comfort, fire, blankets, or anything that meant advantage.

He showed from the first a genius for comradeship and for warm-hearted sympathy with all with whom he had to do. Not a few youngsters have become twice the men they would otherwise have been because they had Roosevelt to admire and have been impressed through Roosevelt's indomitable moral courage to look upon each defeat as but a deferred victory.

Roosevelt's political life began in 1882 with his election to the Assembly in Albany. The years 1881-82 were busy ones for our young citizen. In 1881, came his marriage, and in 1882, about the time of his going to the Assembly, he entered my publishing office and published his first book. The book was *The Naval War of 1812*. It was accepted at once as authoritative and has remained to this day the authority on its subject matter. It had none of the characteristics of a first book. It was written as the result of most careful research and the young historian was able to convict the English historian James of a long series of erroneous statements and wrong conclusions.

I was expected to make a business man of Theodore. He was in the office in the character of what the law calls a "silent" partner, but can we think of Roosevelt being silent in any association? He lived at the time near my place of business. He put his desk in the office and carried on from there his already active correspondence. He showed me from day to day how to run a publishing business, and brought many

suggestions for schemes and undertakings. These suggestions had to be sat down upon, as would be the case with plans from any youngster beginning work in a publishing office, unless the publishing business is to be ruined. I became very fond of my young associate, but I found it difficult, with his exuberance of utterance, to get on with my correspondence and with the work of the day.

I heard that the Republican Committee in his District were looking about for a candidate for the Assembly. I had personal acquaintance with one member of the Committee and I suggested that Roosevelt might be the right man for their purpose. He had capacity, ambition, and the few hundred dollars needed for the expenses. The nomination was tendered to him on a Saturday, and on Monday he came into the office waiving the letter with the words: "Haven, I am going into politics and I am going to begin to do things," and then he went to Albany. There was no reason to discourage his hopefulness, but I thought I could realize the absurdity of an inexperienced youngster of twenty-three, filling a first term in the Assembly, being able "to do things." My knowledge of Albany at that time was not very close, but I had been told that a man during his first term did not get listened to at all. He usually could not catch the eye of the speaker.

Still less, without any party behind him, was a first term able to get a bill through, or to head off any measure that the party managers had determined to put through. It had not heretofore been done, but Roosevelt did it. He got together what might be called a party of four or five.

Another good Century man, Walter Howe, was in the group and those four or five youngsters actually succeeded by threat of publicity (a threat that was carried out more than once) in heading off some of the worst measures, and in the eighties, as later, there were always plenty of bills on the calendar adverse to the interests of the City of New York. The youngsters further succeeded, now and then, in getting some measure of their own through, and in persuading the up-country-men to vote against the interests of the Republican managers in the City of New York. These managers were at the time, and often since, interested in carrying out the schemes of Tammany.

Theodore made an increasing prestige for himself during his three terms in the Assembly. His reputation was assured and the leaders began to look at him in two ways. They were afraid of this *enfant terrible*, but they recognized his force and some of them were saying to themselves, "Can't we use this fellow?" From some combination of these two sets of motives, they made Theodore leader of the New York delegation to the Chicago Republican Convention of 1884, at which Mr. Blaine was nominated. Think of this youngster fighting at the age of twenty-four into leadership in a machine like that of New York State! He went out, in an association with good men like George William Curtis and Carl Schurz (both of the Century) to oppose the nomination of Blaine. The Century men do from time to time come into leadership. This time they did not succeed, but the fight that they made, the publicity that they gave to things that were

undesirable in the career of an American who was nearly a great man, who might have become really great if he had had full integrity of purpose and action—that fight, made in the Convention, was the real factor that made it possible to secure Blaine's defeat in the campaign. Here was a service rendered to the country. For many of us believed then, and history has not since changed our opinion, that the election of Blaine would have lowered the standard of American politics more than in that decade could well have been afforded.

Roosevelt was an active member of the Executive Committee of the Civil Service Reform Association, where he came to be associated with citizens like George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, Horace White, and others. It was a good group of working citizens, and I am interested in recalling that they were all members of our Century Club. Theodore was much interested in the purpose and work of the Association, and he secured, through this Committee, good training and personal relations that were afterwards to be of value to him.

It was through the influence of Curtis, at that time President of the Association, that Roosevelt was appointed a member of the National Civil Service Commission in Washington. He had for Chairman, Proctor, of Kentucky, who was a good citizen and a good fellow, but did not have any full measure of incisive energy, and the direction of the affairs of the Commission came into Theodore's hands. It was clear in his mind that the civil service law must be enforced,

and those of us who know the history of the time can realize what he was up against in attempting to secure the enforcement. The political leaders believed that they had lost political capital when they no longer had available as gifts positions with salaries. The Administration found ground for annoyance because it was not in a position to placate representatives or senators by putting appointments at their disposal. The opposition was well organized, while the community at large, which had the keenest interest in the matter, was not, and could not, be organized. If it had not been for the fight made by Roosevelt in that commission, it would hardly have been possible to establish the precedents for a civil service law adequately enforced, and it is from these precedents that our civil service system has grown into a status of civilized decency.

I may recall one instance in connection with Theodore's work as a commissioner. The executive committee in New York was in session and at about nine in the evening, the door opened and Theodore came in from Washington. As he closed the door, he asked Curtis, who was presiding, whether there were any reporters present. Curtis's answer was: "We have a couple of editors, Godkin and Horace White, but we can trust them." Theodore went on: "I have made this journey from Washington to have the opportunity in the first place, of saying 'Damn the Postmaster-General.'" I won't mention his name, for he is still living. This "damn" was not an imprecation in the ordinary term. It was a solemnity, a function, almost a religious observance which

to Theodore seemed to be essential, and the utterance came to a sympathetic circle. Theodore went on to explain the cause of his bottled-up emotion.

It was simply that of all the opponents of the civil service system, the Postmaster-General was, he said, the most pernicious. Roosevelt was, from time to time, reporting to him concerning the political activities which, contrary to the spirit of the letter of the law, were being carried on by the employees of the post office department. The action of these men tendered to keep politics mixed up with the business of the government and to the carrying on of the business of the government under political conditions. Said Theodore: "I placed before the Postmaster-General sworn statements in regard to these political activities and the only reply I could secure was, 'this was all second-hand evidence.'" "Then," said Theodore, "I went up to Baltimore at the invitation of our good friend, a member of the National Committee, Charles J. Bonaparte. Bonaparte said that he could bring me into direct touch with some of the matters complained about. He took me to the primary meetings with some associate who knew by name the carriers and the Customs officials. I was able myself to see going on the work of political assessments, and I heard the instructions given to the carriers and others in regard to the moneys that they were to collect. I got the names of some of these men recorded in my memorandum book. I then went back to Washington, swore myself in as a witness before myself as commissioner and sent the sworn state-

ment to the Postmaster-General with the word, 'this at least is first-hand evidence.' I still got no reply, and after waiting a few days, I put the whole material before the President with a report. This report has been pigeon-holed by the President, and I have now come to New York to see what can be done to get the evidence before the public. You will understand that the head of a department, having made a report to the President, can do nothing further with the material until the President permits."

Schurz was the expert man in the committee on affairs in Washington. It was in Schurz's Department of the Interior that Civil Service Reform had been first applied months before the civil service bill had been placed on the calendar, and it was the good work done in his department, under Schurz's system that enabled us to bring the bill into enactment. Schurz said: "In your place, Theodore, I should ask the Civil Service Committee of the House to call upon you to give evidence in regard to the working of this act. You can then place before the Committee with your general statement, this 'first-hand evidence' that you have secured in Baltimore. This will be printed in the report of the Committee and our Association will be in a position to circulate the report without any direct reference to the fact that you have already made a report to the President."

Theodore said: "I shall ask to have the Postmaster-General called before the Committee at the same time as myself." That course was taken, but the Postmaster-General sent word to

the Chairman of the Committee that "he would hold himself at the service of the Committee for any date on which Mr. Roosevelt was not to be present." Roosevelt's testimony was, however, given, and much to the dissatisfaction of the Postmaster-General, and probably of the President, our Association circulated some millions of copies.

In 1897-98, Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and we all know the value of the energetic service contributed by him in getting the navy into shape for the Spanish-American War. There was not enough however, in the work of the navy department to satisfy the energy of the man, and in 1898 he insisted upon getting to the front and organized with General Wood the Rough Riders. In coming into my office at the close of the Spanish War, he said:

"Haven, I have had a bully time. I know you Civil War men will think of this fight as simply a skirmish, but it was worth while."

It was worth while in more ways than one for Theodore, for it resulted in making him Governor, and a very good Governor he was. I may mention one incident of his career in Albany.

As foreman of the Grand Jury, I had issue with a certain District Attorney (I will not mention his name as he is still living). I was investigating the City Departments, including the Police, and found that this District Attorney, a loyal representative of Tammany Hall, was doing what he could to block the investigation. He spirited away the witnesses and his influence was used to prevent the policemen from giving full testimony. At the close of my Grand Jury session, I made a

presentment against various City officials, including the District Attorney, and application was made to the Governor to remove the District Attorney. Theodore sent for me to come and share his breakfast at the early hour of eight. He wanted more details. He pumped me for an hour and a half with the result that New York City was spared the further service of this particular District Attorney.

I had occasion to appeal to Roosevelt in connection with another matter that proved to be important. He was completing his term of service in the White House, and at his instance Taft had been nominated for the next President. Hughes was just completing his first term as Governor, and the question of his renomination was under consideration. I learned that the Republican managers were going to turn down Governor Hughes. They had, as they said, no use for him. He did not fit in with their plans or make the appointments that they were demanding. I thought that such a decision was serious for the interests of the State of New York and might also work badly in connection with the election of Taft. I was myself a Democrat, but I had made a practice of "voting for McKinley whenever the Democrats named Bryan." This time, I was going to vote for Taft, and I wanted also to vote for Hughes, because I thought him to be one of the best, if not the best, Governor the State had ever had. I made that statement to Theodore who responded: "You are quite right. Hughes was a better Governor than I." I wrote Theodore that I wanted to see him on a matter of public importance, and he

asked me to lunch the next day at Oyster Bay. On going down by train, I found myself sitting behind W. L. Ward, the Republican political leader of Westchester. Ward was one of the active men in the State Republican Machine and one of those who had decided that they had no further use for Hughes. I realized that Theodore was proposing to sit as a judge in the matter, listening to the conflicting views of Ward and myself, and that proved to be the case. He asked "what have you come here to talk about?" I said, "You have already guessed, as I can see from the company. I have come to emphasize the fact that Hughes is the best Governor that New York has ever had,—present company not excepted—and in my judgment, he ought to be renominated. I am speaking for the interests of the State, but also with a national purpose. The Republicans throughout the country are expecting this renomination and this is true also of the people of the state. I do not need to remind a citizen like yourself that New York is a very independent state and that the majority slams backwards and forwards according to the manner in which the political leaders treat the conscience of their parties. It is my impression, I said, that the election of Taft may easily be imperiled if the Republicans turn down their own man. "How," I continued, "can they in the convention point with pride to the achievements of the party if they refuse to renominate their own Governor. Who ever heard of an election being carried in which the managers had not 'pointed with pride.'"

Ward replied in substance: "You theorists do

not know what you are talking about. I am speaking as a practical politician. We cannot get enough votes to elect Hughes for the second term, and the attempt to elect him may easily defeat the national ticket. Hughes has offended many people,—all of those, for instance, connected with the business of the pool rooms and the race courses. He has been regardless of his obligations to the party, and he refuses to pay attention to the legitimate requests of party leaders.” There was then a word of rejoinder on either side.

I pointed out that the practical politicians received only the political news that their henchmen brought to them, and that the opinion of the men in the street, the in-between man, the man whose vote decided the election, was much better understood by independent citizens, so called theoretical politicians like myself. Then the President summed us up.

“Mr. Ward,” said Theodore, “I am disposed to agree with you that the Governor has, from time to time, shown himself regardless of his obligations to the party and that he has been unwilling to give attention to the requests of party leaders; but Haven, I hold with you that Hughes has got to be renominated. It is the only wise thing to do for the interests of the State and of the Republican party and for the success of the presidential ticket.”

I asked as the audience closed: “Have I permission to quote your conclusion?” “Yes,” he said, “only you will bear in mind I am speaking not as President, but as a citizen of New York who intends to cast his vote for Governor Hughes.”

The reporters were waiting at the station at Oyster Bay. An editor who had been present at the interview was authorized by Ward and myself to talk to the reporters. The next day the headlines stated: "President Roosevelt says Hughes must be renominated." This settled the matter. The Chairman of the Republican County Committee had been on the fence, but when Roosevelt's word was given, he gave his word for Hughes, carried the County Committee, and the thing was settled.

In one sense of the term Roosevelt might properly be called self-sufficient. He was certainly self-reliant, that is to say ready to make up his own mind and to act on his own convictions, but he also made a practice before arriving at a conclusion of securing counsel from the strongest men within reach. When he was in executive responsibility, he held that that was the only way in which he could do his duty to the nation. In this respect he is to be compared with Washington and Lincoln. I am not undertaking to place him on a par with these great men. The opportunity did not come to Roosevelt either to create the Republic or to save the Republic, although in arousing, after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the righteous purpose of the people he did his part to save the honor of the nation. In the matter of surrounding himself when in power with the strongest men within reach, irrespective of his own personal convenience, Theodore took these two great Presidents as his examples. It is fair to remember that he did not have in his Cabinets the personal friction which made so difficult the work both of

Washington and of Lincoln. He was fortunate in securing for the public service—though not in the Cabinet—our dear friend Choate, and in holding on to the service in the Cabinet of John Hay, and in securing as successor to John Hay, our valued associate Elihu Root. The Century has, in late years at least, had a good deal to do with the government of the Republic. Roosevelt evidently had no dread, in being associated with such men, as to the comparison of their abilities with his own. Whatever he was able to contribute he was ready to contribute. If somebody else was in a position, with larger knowledge of the facts or with better skill of analysis, to arrive at a wiser conclusion, it was the conclusion of the other fellow that he was ready to take. He possessed the ability, so essential for a well rounded man, of laughing at himself, and his laughing was always delightful. It was a revelation of a man of large courage, of capacity for sympathy, of a genuine sweetness of nature.

During Roosevelt's first term as President, I was at the White House once at luncheon when the principal guest was an old Confederate General born in the region that was once the state of Franklin, whose territory was later absorbed into Tennessee and Kentucky. The old General was brought in by Senator Bate of Tennessee, and Roosevelt, who was a considerate host, naturally directed the conversation to Tennessee. He knew the history of the State, which he had studied in preparing his *Winning of the West*. He had made personal inspection of the regions he described, and had secured from the farmers

the local legends as to what had been done by their great-grandfathers. He knew, as very few men know, the brief history of the state of Franklin. Roosevelt recalled stories of the old pioneers, and naturally made reference to President Polk, but he laid the most emphasis upon Andrew Jackson, in whose personality he had found himself particularly interested. "Here was a man," said Theodore, "who realized what could be done with the power of the executive. He was a real president, a real leader. When he had convinced himself that what he had had in plan was for the good of the country, he would permit no red tape to stand in the way of the thing to be done. He simply cut the tape. We will admit," said Theodore, "that Jackson had his faults. He was inclined to believe that the man who did not agree with Andrew was either a fool or a villain." At that moment, Theodore caught my eye, and broke out: "Haven, stop your chuckling, I know what you are thinking." All the guests broke into laughter; for they all had the same thought, and Roosevelt's laughter was as ready as anybody's.

Reference has been made to the important work done by Roosevelt after the sinking of the *Lusitania* in arousing the righteous purpose of the nation as to the duty of America to take part in the war, and as to the peril that would come upon the Republic if this duty were neglected. At this time, I had not seen my friend for a couple of years. He knew that I had not been in accord with certain of his political actions, and we had, therefore, failed to come together. In this matter

of bringing the nation into the war, we were, however, making similar utterances from the platform. Roosevelt sent for me to meet him at the Harvard Club, and as I entered the room, he came forward with both arms outstretched saying: "Haven, we are again thinking alike, and I am de-lighted." My response was naturally hearty and sympathetic. It was a real pleasure for me again to be fighting in a good cause by the side of my friend.

The last public document to which Roosevelt gave his name was written from his sick bed in the hospital. I had been to see him from time to time, but on this occasion he had sent for me, and I had the pleasure of making the visit in company with Dr. Manning. Roosevelt said there was something he wanted me to do for him. "While I was in the White House, I made a statement which I now want to correct. I have changed my mind in regard to a matter of some importance."

He was referring to an utterance made while he was President in regard to the relations of the United States with England. He had taken the ground that we should, of course, always maintain a friendly association with Great Britain, and that such association was important on more grounds than one. He said further, however, that even in our relations with England there were some things in regard to which we should make reservation. Issues might arise in which the national honor would be involved. "I was not ready," he continued, "at that time to agree that we should be ready to submit every possible

issue to arbitration. I want, however, to say to-day that no issue can arise between the United States and Great Britain which ought not to be settled, and which cannot be settled in friendly conference, or if the conference may not be successful, be settled by arbitration. Between England and ourselves there must be no non-justiciable question. This is essential for the interests of the English-speaking peoples of the world, and I believe it is important, if not essential, for the safety and peace of the world itself. I want to tell the public that I have changed my mind on this matter." "There need be no difficulty," I said. "When I get back to the office, I will put certain questions to you in a letter, and I will see to it that your answer to my letter reaches the public on both sides of the Atlantic." My letter went to Roosevelt the next day, and his answer came to me a day later. It was published widely through the United States and Great Britain. The letter would in any case have secured in England sympathetic attention, but as it reached the papers by mail just at the time the news of Roosevelt's death came by cable, it carried special emphasis. It was his last word to the English as well as to the American people. I make a brief citation from this letter:

"This war has brought home to the great majority of the thinking men of this country the fact that the English-speaking peoples possess, in common, both ideals and interests. We can best do our duty as member of the Family of Nations, to maintain peace and justice throughout the world, by first ren-

dering it impossible that the peace between ourselves can ever be broken. . . . There is no reason why there should not be on the two sides of the Atlantic the same relation for peace that has for a century obtained on the two sides of the Great Lakes. . . . We should say that under no circumstances shall there ever be a resort to war between the United States and the British Empire, and that no question can ever arise between them that cannot be settled in judicial fashion, in some such manner as questions between States of our own Union would be settled."

"It is wicked," said Theodore, "not to try to live up to high ideals and to better the conditions of the world." . . . "It is folly, and maybe worse than folly, not to recognize the actual facts of existence while striving thus to realize our ideals."

In a letter to The American Defense Society, written two days before his death, he writes:

"There must be no sagging backward in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over. . . . There can be here no divided allegiance. We have room for but one flag, the American flag. . . . For but one language, the English language. . . . For but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people. . . ."

It was for me a great satisfaction to find myself again so thoroughly in accord with my friend, and I am glad to remember that the last spoken word by him to America and the world should have been given through me.

Theodore Roosevelt was a man devoted to the service of the Republic and of humanity. He

believed that life was worth while; that the years and days were given to a man in trust, and that it was a crime to waste even an hour. He was an optimist, and he got much out of life because he put much into life.

Roosevelt's life is closed, but his influence will endure. The world is the poorer for his death, but it has been made richer through his life, his character, and his service.

LETTER FROM
SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE

January 30, 1919.

MY DEAR MR. PUTNAM:

It is a regret to me that I cannot be with you at the meeting of The Century Club in honor of Theodore Roosevelt, but you of course understand that as I am to deliver the memorial address before the Houses of Congress on the afternoon of that day in Washington it is an impossibility. He was a great patriot, a great American, and a great man. His loss to the country—I might say to the world—at this moment of doubt and trial, filled with perplexing and perilous questions, is inexpressible.

With sincere regards, believe me

Very truly yours,

H. C. LODGE.

G. H. PUTNAM, ESQ.

LETTER FROM
JOHN BURROUGHS

DEAR MAJOR PUTNAM:

Never before in my life has it been so hard for me to accept the death of any man as it has been for me to accept the death of Theodore Roosevelt. I think I must have unconsciously felt that his power to live was unconquerable. Such unbounded energy and vitality impressed one like the perennial forces of nature. I cannot associate with him the thought of death. He always seemed to have an unlimited reserve of health and power. Apparently he cared no more for the bullet which a few years ago that would-be assassin shot into his breast, than for a fleabite.

From his ranch days in Montana to the past year or two, I saw and was with him many times in many places. In the Yellowstone Park in the spring of 1903, in his retreat in the woods of Virginia, during the last term of his presidency, at Oyster Bay at various times, in Washington at the White House, and at my home on the Hudson, I have felt the arousing and stimulating impact of his wonderful personality. When he came into the room it was as if a strong wind had blown

the door open. You felt his radiant energy before he got half way up the stairs.

When we went birding together it was ostensibly as teacher and pupil, but it often turned out that the teacher got as many lessons as he gave.

Early in May, 1908, he asked me to go with him to his retreat in the woods of Virginia, called "Pine Knot," and help him name his birds. Together we identified more than seventy-five species of birds and wild fowl. He knew them all but two, and I knew them all but two. He taught me Bewick's wren and one of the rarer warblers, and I taught him the swamp sparrow, and the pine warbler. A few days before he had seen Lincoln's sparrow in an old weedy field. On Sunday after church he took me there and we loitered around for an hour, but the sparrow did not appear. Had he found this bird again, he would have been one ahead of me. The one subject I do know, and ought to know, is the birds. It has been one of the main studies of a long life. He knew the subject as well as I did, while he knew with the same thoroughness scores of other subjects of which I am entirely ignorant.

He was a naturalist on the broadest grounds, uniting much technical knowledge with knowledge of the daily lives and habits of all forms of wild life. He probably knew tenfold more natural history than all the presidents who had preceded him, and, I think one is safe in saying, more human history also.

In the Yellowstone Park when I was with him, he carried no gun, but one day as we were riding along we saw a live mouse on the ground beside

the road. He instantly jumped out of the sleigh and caught the mouse in his hands; and that afternoon he skinned it and prepared it in the approved taxidermist's way, and sent it to the United States National Museum in Washington. It proved to be a species new to the Park.

In looking over the many letters I have had from him, first and last, I find that the greater number of them are taken up with the discussion of natural history problems, such as Darwin's theory of natural selection, "sports," protective coloration. He would not allow himself, nor would he permit others, to dogmatize about Nature. He knew how infinitely various are her moods and ways, and not infrequently did he take me to task for being too sweeping in my statements.

When, in the early part of the last decade, while he was President, there was a serious outbreak of nature-faking in books and in various weekly and monthly periodicals, Roosevelt joined me and others in a crusade against the fakers and wielded the "big stick" with deadly effect. He detected a sham naturalist as quickly as he did a trading politician.

Roosevelt was much amused by the change that had come over the spirit of that terrible beast, the grizzly bear in Yellowstone Park. In a letter to me he comments as follows:

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON,
August 12, 1904.

"DEAR OOM JOHN,

"I think that nothing is more amusing and interesting than the development of the changes made in wild beast character by

the wholly unprecedented course of things in Yellowstone Park. I have just had a letter from Buffalo Jones, describing his experiences in trying to get tin cans off the feet of the bears in the Yellowstone Park. There are lots of tin cans in the garbage heaps which the bears muss over, and it has now become fairly common for a bear to get his paw so caught in a tin can that he cannot get it off, and of course great pain and injury follow. Buffalo Jones was sent with another scout to capture, tie up and cure these bears. He roped two and got the can off of one, but the other tore himself loose, can and all, and escaped.

"Think of the grizzly bear of the early Rocky Mountain hunters and explorers, and then think of the fact that part of the recognized duties of the scouts in the Yellowstone Park at this moment is to catch this same grizzly bear and, in the bear's interest, remove tin cans from the bear's paws!

"The grounds of the White House are lovely now, and the most decorative birds in them are some red-headed woodpeckers.

"Give my regards to Mrs. Burroughs. How I wish I could see you at Slabsides! But of course this summer there is no chance of that.

"Always yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Roosevelt was a many-sided man and every side was like an electric battery. Such versatility, such vitality, such thoroughness, such copiousness, have rarely been united in one man. He was not only a full man, he was also a ready man, and an exact man. He could bring all his vast resources of power and knowledge to bear upon a given subject instantly.

Courageous, confident, self-assertive, he was yet singularly tender and sympathetic. He was an autocratic democrat. "Hail fellow well met" with teamsters, mechanics, and cowboys, he could meet kings and emperors on their own ground. A lover of big-game hunting, he was a naturalist before he was a sportsman.

His Americanism was in the marrow of his bones. I could never get him interested in that other great American—one more strictly of the people than he was—Walt Whitman. Whitman's democracy was too rank and unrelieved to attract him. The Rooseveltian strenuousness and austerity and high social ideals stood in the way.

Roosevelt combined and harmonized opposite qualities. Never have I known such good fellowship united to such austerity, such moral courage united to such physical courage, such prodigious powers of memory united with such powers of original thought. He could face a charging lion, or a grizzly bear, as coolly as he could an angry politician.

There was always something imminent about him, like an avalanche that the sound of your voice might loosen. The word demanded by the occasion was instantly on his lips, whether it were to give pleasure or pain. In his presence one felt that the day of judgment might come at any moment. No easy tolerance with him, but you could always count on the just word, the square deal, and tolerance of your opinion if it were well founded.

The charge that he was an impulsive man has no foundation; it is a wrong interpretation of his

power of quick decision. His singleness of purpose and the vitality and alertness of each of his many sides enabled him to decide quickly where others hesitate and stumble. The emphasis and the sharpness of his yea and nay were those of a man who always knew his own mind and knew it instantly. What seemed rashness in him was only the action of a mind of extraordinary quickness and precision. His uncompromising character made him many enemies, but without it he would not have been the Roosevelt who stamped himself so deeply upon the hearts and the history of his countrymen.

When I think of his death amid these great days when such tremendous world events are fast becoming history, and recall what a part he could have played in them, and would gladly have played, had his health permitted, I realize with new poignancy what a loss the world has suffered in his passing. A pall seems to settle upon the very sky. The world is bleaker and colder for his absence from it. We shall not look upon his like again.

Farewell! great soul! Farewell!

JOHN BURROUGHS.

MAJOR GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

ADDRESS OF

CARL E. AKELEY

FELLOW CENTURIANS:—I shall be very brief, and recount just a few reminiscences of my experience with Theodore Roosevelt. As I have listened to these talks to-night, first of all I am reminded of an incident of less than a year ago, when we were gathered together here to pay homage to another Centurian, Mr. Choate. Many of you remember the delightfully humorous talk that Theodore Roosevelt gave us that night. After the talk he led me back into the barroom to get a glass of water, saying: "I want to talk to you about the boys." His sons were all on the other side at that time. He had a letter from one of them in his pocket. He read this to me; and his last remark as we came out was: "Akeley, I never expect to see one of my boys again. The thought that is with me constantly day and night is how can I tell their mother." I had never seen him so depressed. He knew his boys; he knew that they were not sending their men into the fight; they were leading them. It is good that he lived to know that three were safe and coming back.

In 1907, we returned from one of our African

expeditions, and on reaching New York we found a request from the President that we come to Washington. At luncheon at the White House a few days later, as we went into the dining-room, the President said to a gentleman who had just come down from Alaska: "When I finish with this job I am going to Alaska for a good long time." There had been much talk of this Alaskan trip. As we came out of the dining-room, he said to Mrs. Akeley: "When I have finished with this job I am going to Africa." The man from Alaska said: "How about Alaska?" Roosevelt replied: "Alaska can wait." That, I believe, was the beginning of the African expedition. During the luncheon when I had told of a band of sixteen lions that had been seen coming from the mouth of a cave, the President turned to Congressman — who was present, and said: "Congressman, I wish I had those sixteen lions to turn in on Congress." The Congressman was just a little flabbergasted, but replied: "Mr. President, aren't you afraid they might make a mistake?" The President's response was prompt and emphatic: "Not if they stayed long enough."

On another occasion at the White House, Dr. Merriam took advantage of an opportunity brought about by the conversation to explain an incident in connection with some of our Natural History work, which had to do with a man whom I had taken on a former African expedition. He was a field naturalist, who had been promised the privilege of working up the collections when we returned; but there was a change in the régime of the institution during our absence, and when

we came back he was not allowed to have anything to do with the material he had collected. The President did not consider this a square deal and he assured me that the naturalist under discussion, who had been booked for the African expedition, would not have a similar experience in connection with his expedition. That he kept his word is evidenced by the two published volumes, *Life Histories of African Game Animals*, by Theodore Roosevelt and Edmund Heller. Theodore Roosevelt's appreciation of the work of field naturalists has done much to make their work understood and effective.

I was not associated with him in his African expedition, except in the way of helping to make arrangements for the work, and in his party were several men with whom we had been associated in our African work. I had planned an expedition in Africa for the same time and arrangements were made for a meeting in the Jungle. But it happened that I was late in getting over and he had been in the country six months when I arrived, so there was no certainty of our meeting at all. One day we were traveling across the Uasin Gishu Plateau, but didn't know where the Roosevelt party was. We saw a caravan in the distance, and I sent a runner to find out who it was, while we proceeded to the point on the 'Nzoia River where we intended to camp that night. By the time we reached the river my runner came back saying he had met a runner from the other *safari* and that it was the Roosevelt party. So we made camp, and after lunch I got on a horse and started in the direction the caravan was going,

the runner having said they were to camp at a certain swamp, some three or four miles away. When I had gone half the distance I met the Colonel with Kermit, Heller and Tarlton on their way to our camp. After luncheon at our camp that day I presented the Colonel with a bottle of brandy that had been intrusted to my care by one of his very best friends whom we met on the boat while crossing the Atlantic. There was no doubt of the Colonel's appreciation of the remembrance of his old friend. But when he handed the bottle to a black boy I feared that the brandy, as such, was not appreciated until he gave instructions to give the bottle to Cuninghame. Then I was certain that it would ultimately receive an affectionate reception.

On the way over to our camp that day they had run across the fresh trail of a herd of elephants. One of the objects of our getting together in Africa was in order that the Colonel might shoot at least one of the specimens for the group of elephants that I was collecting for the American Museum of Natural History. We went back to the Colonel's camp that night, and early next morning the Colonel, Kermit, Tarlton and myself in a short time picked up the trail of yesterday and proceeded to follow it. We came up with them in a couple of hours. There were eight of them—cows and calves grouped under a tree. We circled around to the leeward, and were comfortably placed behind a great ant hill about sixty yards from them. The elephants were headed our way, and I indicated one which I thought would be suitable to be used in the group. Of course I expected

the Colonel to take a shot from where we were. But the Colonel preferred a shorter range, and started towards the elephants with Kermit and I following closely. We were in full view of them, and I had a desire to whisper in his ear that I didn't want her taken alive. He kept on going straight forward until the elephants began to get a little uneasy, and started coming in our direction. The Colonel fired, hitting the old cow, but they continued in our direction. Our work was cut out for us, and when we got through there were four dead elephants instead of one. They were close before we succeeded in turning them. Tarlton and Kermit returned to camp with the boys, leaving the Colonel and myself. We made ourselves comfortable in the shade of a mimosa tree and for two or three hours there was no one to disturb us; and the memory of these few hours alone with Roosevelt in the African bush is one of my greatest treasures. It was then that I learned to know and love the author of *The Great Adventure*.

When Tarlton and Clark came with the boys and camp outfit, the work of skinning the elephants proceeded and kept us very busy until late at night. Lions and hyenas were about the camp all night, and at daybreak the Colonel and I set out in our pyjamas on the chance of getting a shot at a lion—but without success. During the evening a grass fire had swept down upon us and it was only by desperate work that we saved our camp; but it burned the grass all about, and our pyjamas were an interesting sight after a half hour of tramping over the fresh burned grass. On our return to camp as we passed the carcass

of the old cow, we saw a hyena raise its head, and the Colonel fired. And then we discovered that he needn't have shot it. It had eaten its way into the carcass, and from the inside had forced its head through a small hole in the abdominal wall which closed above the neck with the strength of a two-inch sheet of rubber. The hyena's only hope of immediate release would have been the chance of his friends eating the trap away. Since a hyena was the victim, it appeared more as a joke than a tragedy.

In British East Africa as elsewhere Colonel Roosevelt made countless friends. It happened that on our journey out we had traveled from Naples to Mombassa on the boat with Sir Percy Girouard and his staff. Sir Percy was going out to take over the Governorship of British East Africa. At this time the papers were full of the Colonel's doings and sayings in British East Africa, and perhaps it was quite natural that at times Sir Percy should feel a bit concerned about some of the reports of the Colonel's opinions in regard to the future and management of the colony and to indicate that he would tell the Colonel a thing or two when they met. The new Governor was a strong man with a record of great achievements, and we were naturally curious to know what would happen when they finally met. Later the Governor expressed his admiration of the Colonel in terms that left no doubt of his admiration.

The following words of a Provincial Commissioner are typical of the sentiment of appreciation in British East Africa: "I will give up my billet any day to follow Roosevelt!"

ADDRESS OF
TALCOTT WILLIAMS
AT MEMORIAL MEETING OF CENTURY ASSOCIATION
AFTER DEATH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

My utterance must be brief. I had no early acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt, but yesterday our fellow-member, to-day beaconing where the immortals are. No hunting stories of big game have I to tell. I prefer to remember at this hour other big game, outside of Africa, devastating our land and our public life, I saw him slay. I cannot—who of us could?—match the periods, stately and sincere, accurate and inspiring, in which the leader of us all, Secretary Root, has commemorated our loss in this our Valhalla which has heard but too often our threnody over the going of the great of our land and time, whose names our year-book will always carry to tell those who in the future sit where we sit what manner of companioning was present in the Century Association from Bryant to Roosevelt.

“When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with speech.”

I shall deal only with his public life in the period with which I was familiar, from his election to the Assembly to his choice as the Republican candidate for Governor in this State in 1898. I first heard of him from a friend of Beirut, a missionary's son like myself, who told me years ago (we had both known that ugly but entrancing brute, a half-broken Syrian donkey) of the fashion in which Theodore Roosevelt, then ten or eleven years old, on a visit to the East with his father, had successfully ridden a donkey, hitherto inexpugnable. Later, I never watched his success, in dealing with those other pale gray asses or dark and dun, asses all, not dissimilar, whether long-haired reformers, or short-haired politicians, without noting that his boyish prowess had about it a touch of the prophetic.

His public life I first saw when he was serving as Assemblyman. I had known Albany in evil and heart-sickening days when the corruption of the worst period in our history, in the '70's, swept in a black tide through the Legislature, a cesspool of manifold iniquity. On its foul edge, stood all the forces of evil in our society, like the demons in Dante's Fifth Chasm, fishing out one venal legislator after another, as Graffiacane "hooked out Ciampola's pitchy locks and haled him up to open gaze so that he seemed an otter," sleek, shining, and shameless. So I had seen legislators fished for, caught and exposed, in my work as an Albany correspondent. Theodore Roosevelt I had met once in a college fraternity. Later, on a chance visit to Albany I went to see him. As he came out of the door of the Assembly to meet me and I saw

him, strong, manly, vigorous, unstained and untouched by all about him, I had a sudden throb of hope and pride in this young college man, already in one brief session the leader of every good yearning and high desire in the State, the ideal of us all, who, like myself, joined under the leadership of George William Curtis, and in one State and another, led forlorn and defeated attempts towards reform and improvement. Here at last was a man without compromise, of courage and determination, with the extraordinary gift of high ideals and able to put them into being.

An admirer of Wellington, he once quoted the great soldier's reply when asked how he could take office under Peel: "The King's Government must go on." So Colonel Roosevelt felt that the people's government must go on, and hesitated at no ally. Beginning almost at Hamilton's age, he accomplished wonders in leading young men to serve the State and he stood all his life a persuading call to youth.

Theodore Roosevelt had carried the Twenty-first District. It is easy now to see a walkover; but what all this meant, what it meant to down "Jake," and to "do up" the "Biglin boys," and to face the gang with which Richard Croker swept through the streets of the district on election day, can only be fully comprehended by a reporter like myself, who saw a Republican worker lying prone in a drugstore into which he had been carried, just shot by one of Croker's men. Here was a man on the threshold of the twenties who fought with the beasts in this modern Ephesus and won. Alert, able, brimming with hope and resolution, I re-

member as he thrust his hand over mine and gripped it, thinking of the lines, familiar to us all:

“My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.”

Through life he carried this pure purpose about him like an aura. He was twenty-four when he entered the Legislature. He served three years, during '81, '82, '83. Against every corrupt influence, after a week's hot fight, he swept through the vote, 146 to 9, which took up the charges against Judge Westbrook. He cleaned out the corrupting influence of two fee offices in this city, Register and County Clerk, by converting them into salaried posts. He reorganized the Department of Public Works, a stronghold of dubious contracts, still almost unchanged in its powers since the charter of 1870. He ended the evil influence of the Board of Aldermen, by taking away its confirming power. His one defeat was on Grover Cleveland's veto of the second Civil Service Reform bill. After a hot controversy between these two men—both honest and true but seeing this subject differently, their final interview, each unconvinced as Daniel Lamont told me, was equally creditable to both.

The task of securing these fruits in that day, a third of a century ago, from the New York Legislature of the early eighties, I despair making plain to those who did not experience the conditions of that period. His advocacy of Civil Service led him

to be appointed by President Harrison as Civil Service Commissioner. It is a notable record of the differences which may exist between men, each useful to the Republic, that President Harrison never asked Theodore Roosevelt and his wife to the White House during the service to which he had appointed him, and in which he had become one of the most unpopular officials in years, disliked by a number of Congressmen for whose constituents he had refused to make any concession whatever under the powers that he had. He won Congress at last by providing for examinations over the country. He won the country by raising the number of offices subject to Civil Service examinations from fourteen thousand to forty thousand, almost single-handed. President Cleveland succeeded President Harrison, and short as was the period before Roosevelt left to become Police Commissioner in New York, he crossed the threshold of the White House as a guest among the first of the hospitalities the new President extended to the large public and political family a President entertains.

There were three stages in the progress of the Civil Service Reform in this country. For a decade, from Grant to Arthur, it was urged as a theory—a possibility, a reform approved in every platform and rejected in every Legislature. From Arthur's term to Cleveland's last service as President, the reform continued a barren ideal. Chiefly through Theodore Roosevelt, it became in the next ten years a vigorous, purifying practice until in our day it is accepted by all as having immeasurably improved the public service. But for him, I

weigh my words, this reform could never have been carried.

A decade later, after his fight at Albany for this reform, he attended the meeting of the National Civil Service Reform Association at Philadelphia. With other members, he visited my home. Said a dear and dusky friend (whose cooking for thirty-four years, a cuisine to which only her race is equal, has made her precious to me and all who sit at my board) on the morning when his going overshadowed the world: "I remember Mr. Roosevelt. I let him in myself. He went from room to room. He found just the right place. He sat down. People came in a ring. He talked to everybody, at once." Then, meditatively, she added, with a pang of personal loss: "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt was a great man—a very great man; but he was kind o' heedless like." So for all, from King and President to maid, our friend was known, mourned, revered, with memory and grief ineffaceable.

To Civil Service Reform, and to all reform, he brought an uncompromising loyalty. Wayne MacVeagh told me that he met President McKinley, called to fill a vacancy in the Federal Civil Service Commission. "You are a reformer," said this shrewd leader of men to MacVeagh, "name a man for this post who will advance this reform, without making any trouble?" Four years passed and President Roosevelt had a like nomination to make to the Senate. "MacVeagh," said he, "can you name the very best man in all the land to fight this reform through to a finish?"

Of his work as Police Commissioner, in this city for two years, '95-'97, I need scarcely speak.

It is known to us all. New York's first Dry Sundays; the unprecedented vigilance of the police by night, created by a row of teeth and a pair of glasses, the nightmare of every sleeping and negligent patrolman; the ejection of Byrnes, held invulnerable; the exposure of a Police Commissioner; the summary destruction—under the dormant power of the Police Department now first used—of tenements known to the Health Board as "Baby Killers"; the fight with the Ice Trust; the reform in vagrancy, and of the incredible and indescribable evils of the noisome rooms in the police stations crowded with tramps every night—here again I cannot help feeling that only a man who has been a police reporter, for months together, can begin to appreciate the strength of the evils against which he fought, or his amazing triumph.

Upon his career at Washington and his share in the Spanish War, I do not touch. Let me only by way of historical accuracy record that the first time he was publicly quoted as saying, "I feel like a bull moose," a phrase later to become historical, was September 17, 1898, when his nomination to the Governorship had become secure. He had just seen Senator Platt when he used it; but later when I saw the Senator, whom I had known through the long span of his political career, the latter did not seem to look the phrase.

But of one incident in his strife with all the evils of a great city as Police Commissioner, I may speak in closing. Familiar for years with the force, back to the days of Geo. W. Matsell, I knew something of the way in which one man and another, anxious

to reform the System, had been tempted, trapped, and left helpless, snared in silken meshes. So men of national fame had fallen. The same methods, evil and foul, were again put into play for Colonel Roosevelt's undoing, vainly and fruitlessly. But when "this upright heart and pure" came to speak of this snare spread for feet which had never walked in any path of evil whatsoever, his honest eyes suddenly filled with tears, and he burst out: Can you not hear him? "What can I have done? What can I have done? that any man should imagine that I could succumb to this hell-born lure?" So I leave him as I began:

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure."

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